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The VVeſt-Country Damoſels Complaint:

OR,

The Faithful Lovers laſt Farewel.

Being the Relation of a Young Maid who Pined her ſelf to death, for the Love of a Young-man, who after he had notice of it, dyed likewiſe for Grief.

Careleſs Young-men, by this a warning take,
How you kind Virgins (when they Love) forſake;
Leaſt the ſame fate o're-take you, and you dye
For breach of Vows, and Infidelity.
Be kind, but Swear not more then what you mean,
Leaſt Comick Jeſts become a Trajeck Scean.

To the Tune of, Johnny Armſtrong.

When will you Marry me William,
and make me your wedded wife?
Or take you your keen bright Sword,
and rid me out of my Life.

Will.

Say no more ſo then Lady,
ſay you no more then ſo,
For you ſhall into the wild Foreſt,
and amongſt the Buck and Doe.

Where thou ſhalt eat of the Hips & Haws,
and the Roots that are ſo ſweet,
And thou ſhalt drink of the cold water,
that runs underneath feet.

Now ſhe had not been in the wild Foreſt,
paſſing three months and a day,
But with hunger and cold ſhe had her fill,
till ſhe was quite worn away.

At laſt ſhe ſaw a fair Tyl'd Houſe,
and there ſhe more by the Rood,
That ſhe would to that fair Tyl'd houſe,
there for to get her ſome Food.

But when ſhe came unto the Gates,
aloud aloud ſhe cry'd,
An Alms, an Alms, my own Sister,
I ask you for no Bride.

Her Sister call'd up her merry men all,
by one, by two, and by three,
And bid them hunt away that wild Doe,
as far as e're they could see.

They hunted her o're Hill and Dale,
and they hunted her so sore,
That they hunted her into the Forrest,
where her sorrows grew more and more.

She laid a Stone all at her head,
and another all at her feet,
And down she lay between these two,
till death had lull'd her asleep.

When sweet Will came & stood at her head,
and likewise stood at her feet,
A thousadd times he kist her cold Lips,
her body being fast asleep.

Yea, seaven times he stood at her feet,
and seaven times at her head,
A thousand times he shook her hand,
although her body was dead.

Ah wretched me! he loudly cry'd,
what is it that I have done,
O wou'd to the powers above I'de dy'd,
when thus I left her alone.

Come, come you gentle Red-breast now,
and prepare for us a Tomb,
Whilst unto cruel Death I bow,
and sing like a Swan my Doom.

Why! could I ever cruel be
unto so fair a Creature?
Alas she dy'd for love of me,
the loveliest she in nature.

For me she left her home so fair,
to wander in this wild Grove,
And there with sighs and pensive care,
she ended her Life for Love.

O Constancy in her thou'rt lost,
now let Women boast no more,
She's fled to the Elizium Coast,
and with her carry'd the Store.

O break my heart with sorrow fill'd,
come swell you strong Tides of grief,
You that my dear Love have kill'd,
come yield in death to me relief.

Cruel her Sister, was't for me
that to her she was unkind?
Her Husband I will never be,
but with this my Love be joyn'd.

Grim death shall tye the Marriage band
which Jealousie shan't divide,
Together shall tye our cold hands,
whilst here we lye side by side.

Witness ye Groves, and Chrystial stream
how Faithless I late have been,
But do repent with dying Leaves,
of that my ungrateful Sin.

And wish a thousand times that I
had been but to her more kind,
And not have let a Virgin dye,
whose equal there's none can find.

Now heaps of sorrow press my Soul,
now, now 'tis she takes her way,
I come my Love without Controule,
nor from thee will longer stay.

With that he fetch'd a heavy Groan,
which rent his tender Breast,
And then by her he laid him down,
when as Death did give him rest.

Whilst mournful birds, with leavy boughs
to them a kind Burial gave,
And warbled out their Love-sick vows,
whilst they both slept in their Grave.

FINIS.

Printed for P. Brooksby, at the Golden-Ball, in Westsmith-field, neer the Hospital-gate.